

Devil's Got a Hold (feat. Slaughterhouse)

Travis Barker

I toss, I turn, can't sleep at night
I punch, I kick, I claw, I bite
It seems that I can't win this fight
Hands together if you there, tell him leave me alone Devil's got a hold on me
Devil's got a hold on me
Devil's got a hold on me
(Devil's got a hold on me) Pen in my right hand, beat on repeat
He hates when I'm writin' so the thing on my nightstand
Start ringin' and lightin' up, vibratin' and all that
I don't wanna sell no wall crack, I just wanna go perform at The biggest place in the world
'cause I'm dope, like them four packs
Sittin' in writes on my window sill, makin' sure everythin' stays on chill
Right shoulder wearin' all white sayin', "Joe chill"
Left shoulder wearin' red sayin' "Pay yo' bills"
So that raw metaphor that I, thought of before
I don't remember no more
'Cause I just ran out the door to meet a fiend by the store
And I heard, "So you off tourin'?" I turned and seen this whore That I used to fiend for, that ain't
never let me score
Lookin' at me like I'm somethin' she ain't never ever saw
So a one-hour run somehow turned into 24
Wifey callin', I hit ignore, my priorities is poor
Listen Lord I toss, I turn, can't sleep at night
I punch, I kick, I claw, I bite
It seems that I can't win this fight
Hands together if you there, tell him leave me alone Devil's got a hold on me
Devil's got a hold on me
Devil's got a hold on me
(Devil's got a hold on me)
Nickel, c'mon
My life is like a box of chocolates
I work hard for it, plus I am awkward, uh
I am a addict's son, plus I'm a addict, son I am a AK addict, uh, Travis drums
I am the lead dump factor
That's why I got a edge on rappers
I am redrum backwards I'll see your crew and get deep
So you can respect it, jump me
I signed a deal with my maker
Satan's my record company I got a K cannon, I buy chinchillas
My bitches rockin' Luci-furs after they Satan-in
Now can you say tannin'? Better yet say Dannon
Your coupe look just like yogurt, I fly I ain't landin' I am the bank bandit, I got a buyin' problem

I goes in then walk out with all the money but I ain't rob 'em I toss, I turn, can't sleep at night
I punch, I kick, I claw, I bite
It seems that I can't win this fight
Hands together if you there, tell him leave me alone Devil's got a hold on me
Devil's got a hold on me
Devil's got a hold on me
(Devil's got a hold on me) I'm talkin', I'm talkin' he talks, I listen, GPS on my position
Just livin', just hangin' out with the opposition
Can't take the heat get the fuck out the kitchen
Stupid y'all, think I'm just spittin'
I belong in prison, crazy by my own admission on a mission To grab a podium, audience, let me
tell the public
That I'm self-destructive, I ain't lookin' for no help, fuck it
Lookin' for a way to get high, I'm still alive
Six million ways to die, still a few more left to try is Red Bull
Pills is hittin', still a slight medic'
We just goin' back and forth, feelin' like tennis
Standin' underneath rain, wanna be sane
Friends and family wantin' me to change
But it's too late 'cause my feet is gettin' comfy on the flames Check it
I don't wanna be another nigga with no gold
(Nah)
No fame, success nigga no hope
(Nah) Sleep on the corner in SoHo
Like up is down, there's no dough Uh, fuck it, they ain't put me under yet
And think what you wish, I ain't got one regret I toss, I turn, can't sleep at night
I punch, I kick, I claw, I bite
It seems that I can't win this fight
Hands together if you there, tell him leave me alone Devil's got a hold on me
Devil's got a hold on me
Devil's got a hold on me
(Devil's got a hold on me) My automobile is not a Bentley
He knows that my pocket's empty
The devil's so consequently, he gotta tempt me
Standin' on the block you should not offend me
I rock a semi, like Prada, Fendi I don't think the spirit of God is in me
Just wicked whispers of scriptures Satan is narratin'
I heard you got a safe in your crib so I'm there waitin'
Nobody's safe in your crib, when I'm on that staircase
I'm bare-faced Possessed by what you possess, I'm hell raisin'
And I just left somebody's father a quadriplegic
Told him not to move or get shot to Egypt, he did not believe it
He's losin' blood and I'm cold-blooded like I'm anemic
I need a doctor, I'm psychotic, maybe I should watch "The Secret" Or see a priest and I might
just chill
Or will I blow him out of the confession booth
Like on 'Righteous Kill'
Kill, kill, kill, God when I write this will I hope I seek some forgiveness 'cause
(My life was real) Devil's got a hold on me

D-d-devil's got a hold on me
Devil's got a hold on me
Devil's got a hold on meD-d-d-d-devil's got a hold of me
Devil's got a hold of me

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